SCHOOL DIALOGUES

FOR

B O Y S.

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BEING

AN ATTEMPT TO CONVEY INSTRUCTION INSENSIBLY TO THEIR TENDER MINDS, AND INSTILL THE LOVE OF VIRTUE.

"Thus the ſick Infant's Taſte diſguis'd to meet
"We tinge the Veſſel's Brim with Juices ſweet."

HOOLE's TASSO.

By a LADY.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed and ſold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. No. 4, Aldermary Church Yard, in Bow Lane.

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BOYS.

DIALOGUE XVII.

The PLEASURE GROUND.

A TERRACE *in a Nobleman's Ground.*

All the boys of the ſchool are ſeen walking, playing, or ſitting upon various ſeats.

GENTLE, SPRIGHTLY, HAUGHTY, WILFUL, MEEK, FRIENDLY, TAUNT, SPITEFUL, SENSIBLE, FLIPPANT, SLY, PERT, EASY, *Mr.* TAPE *a ſtranger, are the ſpeakers.*

Mr. TAPE.

YOU never ſaw theſe gardens?

SPRIGHTLY.

Never.

Mr. TAPE.

How do you like them?

SPRIGHTLY.

They are charming.

GENTLE.

It is very obliging of Lord *Glare* to permit us to walk in his grounds.

Mr. TAPE.

His lordſhip is abſent now. Mrs. *Spicer* gives leave.

SPRIGHTLY.

I ſuppoſe we are not permitted to go into the green-houſe.

Mr. TAPE.

No: but I can procure leave for a friend or two. I will introduce you to Mr. *Lemon* the gardener.

SPRIGHTLY.

I thank you; it will give me great pleaſure.

Mr. TAPE.

I will go and ſpeak to Mr. *Lemon*; and when I have his permiſſion, return to ſummon you.

[*He goes away.*

HAUGHTY.

HAUGHTY.

Do you know that lad?

SPRIGHTLY.

No; do you?

HAUGHTY.

I am not acquainted with him; but I chance to know his name.

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray tell me before he returns.

HAUGHTY.

Tape; — he is a fine acquaintance truly!

SPRIGHTLY.

What is your objection to him?

GENTLE.

Tell us quickly.

HAUGHTY.

He is the ſon of a haberdaſher in *Cheapſide*; and comes to viſit the houſekeeper.

SPRIGHTLY.

Is that all?

GENTLE.

He is very civil.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

He is *more* than merely civil; — he is *well-bred*, and obliging to us as ſtrangers; — I am ſure he has had a good education.

HAUGHTY.

He is deſigned for college; but I thought it right to apprize you who —

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray never trouble yourſelf to tell me the pedigree of any perſon who behaves well. I ſhall think no one the leſs agreeable for the want of high birth.

HAUGHTY.

His *birth* is not amiſs; — but the eſtate was deeply mortgaged; and the family ſeat out of repair; ſo his father ſold them, and entered into buſineſs. — Pitiful fellow!

GENTLE.

Nay, now *Haughty*, you are *cruel* as well as *proud*.

SPRIGHTLY.

Mr. *Tape* was certainly commendable; and thoſe who *deſpiſe* him are *mean*.

MEEK.

MEEK.

Wilful, pray do not pluck any thing.

WILFUL.

I ſhall do as I like.

MEEK.

Let me perſuade you not.

WILFUL.

Theſe gooſeberries will not be miſſed; or if they ſhould, it will be ſuppoſed that the birds got them.

FRIENDLY.

Fie! you ought never to do ill—though you were ſure not to be diſcovered.

WILFUL.

If it be not *known* I can not be *puniſhed*.

CAREFUL.

If you pilfer the fruit, we ſhall not be ſuffered to come again; and you will be whipped.

WILFUL.

I will give you all ſome, if you will not tell of me.

FRIENDLY.

We are not ſo mean as to take bribes.

TAUNT.

You know, *Wilful*, you would climb an apple-tree, and ſteal the fruit, before you came to ſchool; — an unmanageable brat!

WILFUL.

Who told you that?

TAUNT.

The ſervant who came with you; he ſaid he was glad to get rid of you.

WILFUL.

A croſs creature!

TAUNT.

He told us you were ſo ſpoiled; that even your mamma could not bear you any longer at home.

SPITEFUL.

I know whom you are talking of; — a diſagreeable boy!

FLIPPANT.

Did you ever ſee ſuch a boy as *Wilful?*

PERT.

Yes, his brother, who is at home.

SPITEFUL.

SPITEFUL.

The fruit-garden at home was forced to be kept locked; elſe they would help themſelves.

PERT.

This young gentleman was found climbing over the wall one day.

SENSIBLE.

The *command* of a *parent* ſhould keep a child in bounds; not *walls* and *bars*.

CAREFUL.

Senſible! tell us Mrs. *Steady's* remark upon chimney-irons.

SENSIBLE.

Mrs. *Wilful* aſked Mrs. *Steady*, what ſort of irons ſhe had to prevent the children from being burnt?

PERT.

Her anſwer?

SENSIBLE.

"In the nurſery, where there are infants who "can but juſt walk alone, an iron is neceſſary; "and there I have ſuch an one as yours;—but "in the other rooms, where older children only "go."

" go." — " Aye, there (interrupted Mrs. *Wilful*) " is the difficulty; I can not get one which " will ſecure them; they climb, they creep, " they ſqueeze between the bars." — " Excuſe " me, (replied Mrs. *Steady*) if you do not teach " your children *obedience*, no *bars* can ſecure " them. I make it a rule that the children " ſhall never ſtep upon the hearth. — As long as " they adhere to that reſtriction, we need no " ſmith to make irons."

TAUNT.

All the ſervants hate ſuch *ſpoiled children*.

PERT.

They are diſagreeable to every body.

TAUNT.

How unhappy ſuch *ſpoiled children* are when they come to ſchool!

WILFUL. [*Crying.*]

I never was happy at home.

SENSIBLE.

It is cruel to teaze him; — *Wilful*, you will never be happy, till you have learned to be content to obey thoſe who are your ſuperiors.

WILFUL.

WILFUL.

I like to have my own will; I can but be whipped.

SENSIBLE.

You do not talk like a rational being.

TAUNT.

A little of the aſs!

SPITEFUL.

You affront the aſſes by the compariſon.

WILFUL. [*Crying.*]

I won't be called an aſs.

EASY [*Running up.*]

What is the matter?

WILFUL. [*Sobbing.*]

I did as I pleaſed at home—and I will *he*—*he*— *he*— do as I pleaſe here.

EASY.

You had better be content, and do as you ought.

WILFUL.

I do not want your advice.

EASY.

I will not trouble you with much of it; yet

let me assure you that I am always happy, because I am willing to comply with the rules of the school, and the wishes of my companions.

WILFUL.

I wish you would let me alone.

EASY.

Most willingly.—Your servant.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

The SLIGHT FRACAS.

Mildmay's *Closet.*

SPRIGHTLY *and* MILDMAY *engaged in converſation.*

SPRIGHTLY *exclaims with vivacity,*

BLESS me! did you not know *that!*——I knew that at four years old.

MILDMAY, [*Shedding tears.*]

If I had enjoyed the advantages which you have done, I ſhould have known more than I do.

SPRIGHTLY.

What is the matter?

MILDMAY.

I did not think you would inſult me for ignorance which I could not avoid.

SPRIGHTLY.

I never meant to inſult you,

MILDMAY.

Had I neglected inſtruction, it would be leſs unjuſt to reproach me;—but—

SPRIGHTLY.

My dear *Mildmay!* I beg your pardon for my quickneſs in ſpeaking.

MILDMAY.

It would have been more worthy of *Will Sprightly* to inſtruct his friend, than to reproach him for want of information.

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray ſay no more; but give me your hand. I hope you forgive me; indeed I will not ſpeak ſo briſkly again.

MILDMAY.

And I will forget that you did *now*.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

Would you condeſcend to learn any thing of a younger boy?

MILDMAY.

Very gladly; elſe I ſhould deſerve to be ignorant.

SPRIGHTLY.

How did it happen, that you are not ſo well informed as you could wiſh?

MILDMAY.

My mamma died when I was but three years old; my papa went abroad; and I was left to the care of my grandmother.

SPRIGHTLY.

Could ſhe not inſtruct you?

MILDMAY.

She was a very good woman; ſhe took great care of my morals; taught me to be very ſtrict in my adherence to truth; to be perfectly obliging to my ſuperiors; and obedient to all.

SPRIGHTLY.

In *that* you made a good progreſs, I am ſure.

MILDMAY.

But I came to ſchool backward in my learning; and I am not very quick.

SPRIGHTLY.

You are too modeſt.

MILDMAY.

Not ſo—I am really ſlow; but I make my want of aptneſs a reaſon for exerting double diligence.

SPRIGHTLY.

You are wiſe.

MILDMAY.

My good grandmamma took great pains to make me think juſtly; and if I judge rightly upon any occaſion, I think with gratitude upon her kind attention to me.

SPRIGHTLY.

What books have you?

MILDMAY.

Very few; none I ſuppoſe that are new to you.

SPRIGHTLY.

Have you any thing written?—are you fond of copying?

MILDMAY.

MILDMAY.

I love writing; but I make it a rule not to write haſtily.

SPRIGHTLY.

I wiſh I were as prudent; I injure my hand-writing.

MILDMAY.

Here is my book.

SPRIGHTLY.

Bleſs me; how neat! and every page well-written: not a blot to be ſeen.

MILDMAY.

I write a little every day as well as I can.

SPRIGHTLY.

What is this?—"A true Tale,—to be added "to *Gay*'s Fables."

MILDMAY.

It is ſuppoſed to be written by Dr. *Parnel*—it is worth reading. Read aloud.

[Sprightly *reads*.

A TRUE TALE:

To be added to Mr. GAY'*s Fables.*

(*Supposed to be written by Dr.* PARNELL.)

" A MOTHER who vast pleasure finds,
" In modelling her children's minds;
" In midst of whom with great delight,
" She passes many a winter night;
" Mingles in every play to find
" What bias nature gave the mind,
" Resolving thence to take her aim
" To guide them to the realms of fame,
" And wisely make those realms the way
" To regions of eternal day;
" Each boist'rous passion to controul,
" And early humanize the soul,
" In simple tales beside the fire,
" The noblest notions would inspire.
" Her offspring, conscious of her care,
" Transported hung around her chair.
" Of Scripture heroes she would tell,
" Whose names they'd lisp ere they could spell.

" Then the delighted mother ſmiles,
" And ſhews the ſtory on the tiles.
" At other times her themes would be,
" The ſages of antiquity,
" Who left a deathleſs name behind
" By being bleſſings to their kind.
" Studious to let her children know
" The various turns of things below;
" How Virtue here was oft diſtreſs'd,
" To ſhine more glorious with the bleſt.
" Told *Tully*'s and the *Gracchi*'s doom,
" The patriots and the pride of *Rome*;
" Then bleſt the *Drapier*'s happier fate,
" Who ſav'd, and lives to guard the ſtate.
" Again ſhe takes another ſcope,
" And talks of *Addiſon* and *Pope*:
" *Steele*'s comedies gave great delight,
" And entertain'd them many a night.
" *Congreve* could no admittance find,
" Forbid as poiſon to the mind:
" That author's wit and ſenſe ſays ſhe,
" But heighten'd his impiety.

" This

" This happy mother met one day;
" A book of Fables writ by *Gay*;
" And told her children, here's a treaſure,
" A fund of wiſdom and of pleaſure!
" Such morals, and ſo finely writ!
" Such decency, good ſenſe, and wit;
" Well has the poet found the art,
" To raiſe the mind and mend the heart.
" Her fav'rite ſon the author ſeiz'd,
" And as he read ſeem'd highly pleas'd:
" Made ſuch reflections on each page
" The mother thought above his age:
" Delighted read, but ſcarce was able
" To finiſh the concluding fable.*
" What ails my child? the mother cries;
" Whoſe ſorrows now have fill'd your eyes?
" O, dear mamma, can he want friends
" Who writes for ſuch exalted ends?
" O baſe, degenerate human kind!
" Had I a fortune to my mind,

" Should

* The fable of the *Hare and many Friends*; in which GAY deſcribes his own ſituation — deſerted by thoſe from whom he hoped for aſſiſtance.

" Should *Gay* complain? but now, alas!
" Thro' what a world am I to paſs!
" Where friendſhip is an empty name,
" And merit ſcarcely paid in fame.
" Reſolv'd to lull his woes to reſt,
" She tells him he ſhould hope the beſt:
" This has been yet his caſe, I own,
" But now *Auguſtus* fills the throne.
" Content that tender heart of thine,
" He'll be the care of *Caroline*;
" Who thus inſtructs the royal race,
" Can't fail of ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
" Mamma, if you were Queen, ſays he,
" And ſuch a book were writ for me,
" I find 'tis ſo much to your taſte,
" That *Gay* would keep his coach at leaſt.
" My child, what you ſuppoſe is true,
" I ſee its excellence in you.
" Poets who write to mend the mind,
" A royal recompence ſhould find:
" But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
" From the beſt privilege of crowns,
" The glorious godlike pow'r to bleſs,
" And raiſe up merit in diſtreſs —

" But

" But dear mamma, I long to know,
" Were you the Queen, what you'd beſtow?
" What I'd beſtow? ſays ſhe, my dear,
" At leaſt a thouſand pounds a year.

SPRIGHTLY.

Dr. *Parnell* had met with ſuch a mother as my mamma is—I think I ſee her ſitting at the table with *Hatley* upon her knee, *Suſan* ſtanding by her ſide, my dear brother *Bartle* and myſelf—O me! [*He burſts into tears.*

MILDMAY.

What is the matter?

SPRIGHTLY.

If this were *real*, how happy ſhould I be!

MILDMAY.

My dear *Sprightly!*

SPRIGHTLY.

You can not imagine how heavy my heart feels. — We are the happieſt family in the world. My elder brothers are all condeſcenſion and indulgence; the younger children are all compliance and gentleneſs.

MILDMAY.

MILDMAY.

Do not indulge your tears.

SPRIGHTLY.

You left no papa, no mamma, when you came.

MILDMAY.

Nay, now I muſt aſſume the preacher——*Why* did you leave your parents?—*why*, but becauſe it was proper for you to be placed at ſchool?

SPRIGHTLY.

Heigh-ho!

MILDMAY.

You never neglected to obey and pleaſe them.

SPRIGHTLY.

No; I thank GOD, I never did.

MILDMAY.

Then enjoy your happineſs; reflect what a comfort it is to have ſuch excellent parents to rejoice in your improvement!

SPRIGHTLY.

I do often reflect on the bleſſing.

MILDMAY.

I ſometimes ſit and conſider—what would my

dear grandmamma wiſh me to do upon ſuch an occaſion? What would ſhe adviſe me to ſay?

SPRIGHTLY.

And you feel great ſatisfaction in the conſciouſneſs of acting agreeably to her pleaſure.

MILDMAY.

Thus you may ſeem to be with your mamma, though ſhe be diſtant. Thus you ſhould ſhew your affection.

SPRIGHTLY.

[*Running to* Mildmay, *embraces him.*

O! *Mildmay*, teach me true wiſdom. — Why did I exult in a little ſmatter of knowlege? why did I ſeem to inſult your inferiority in trifles? — teach me, O! teach me.

MILDMAY.

You have better inſtructors.

SPRIGHTLY.

How is it that you judge ſo well upon all occaſions?

MILDMAY.

I have told you that I ſuppoſe my dear grandmamma at my elbow; I think I hear her whiſper, "Study

"Study your leſſon carefully.—Write correctly.—
"Be not peeviſh.—Comfort your ſchool-fel-
"lows.—Oblige your friends."

SPRIGHTLY.

You conſider too what joy your papa would feel to find you amiable and accompliſhed at his return.

MILDMAY.

That I do often. I remember when my papa was juſt gone abroad, my poor grandmamma would place me upon her knee, kiſs me, and ſay,—"My dear child! how much you remind
"me of your papa;—O! may you be like
"him in temper!"—Then ſhe told me how compliant and good he was when a child.

SPRIGHTLY.

Do you remember your papa?

MILDMAY.

I ſometimes fancy that I do.

SPRIGHTLY.

Have you any picture of him?

MILDMAY.

There is a full length of him, and another

of my mother; my grandmamma often carried me to them; often told me how worthy they were; and what care they would have taken of me.

SPRIGHTLY.

One of my anceſtors (I think it was my great great grandfather) wrote a book of advice* to his ſon; it is dated above one hundred years back; and written in ſo affectionate a ſtile, that you would be charmed.—We all copy it.

MILDMAY.

I long to ſee it.

SPRIGHTLY.

We have another written by the widow of the ſame perſon for her † ſon; full of good advice and

* It was written by *James Reynolds*, Eſq. of *Bumpſtead Helion*, in *Eſſex*, for the inſtruction of his ſon, *Robert Reynolds*, Eſq. and is dated the firſt of *June*, 1683.

† This book, dated in 1690, was written by the ſecond wife of *James Reynolds*, Eſq; for their only ſon, *James*, who, by following the good and prudent advice of his parents, and

and exhortations to follow the example of his deceaſed parent, whoſe conduct ſhe deſcribes; and relating anecdotes of the family.

MILDMAY.

How engaging!

SPRIGHTLY.

Even trifles are intereſting to the deſcendants; but I will relate one circumſtance which affects me very much. — In the courſe of the narrative

---

and by his own diligence and application, became an honor to his family, and an ornament to his country.

He was born in 1686; educated for the law; appointed a judge in 1724, and in 1730 ſucceeded Sir *Thomas Pengelly*, as Lord Chief Baron of the *Exchequer*, which high office he executed till the 7th of *July*, 1738; when his memory, (worn out by a too great and conſtant application to ſtudy, and the duties of his profeſſion) failing him, he was requeſted to reſign. He ſurvived his reſignation only till the 9th of *February* following, when he died, having juſt completed his fifty-third year, and was buried in the ſouth aiſle of Saint *James*'s church, in *Bury Saint Edmund's*, in *Suffolk*. Where a large and expenſive, though inelegant monument, is erected to his memory.

He

the good old lady relates that her dear huſband, in his childhood, was ſent daily two miles on foot to ſchool.

MILDMAY.

Poor fellow!

SPRIGHTLY.

He was a polite ſcholar; a good lawyer; and remarkable for the pleaſantry and cheerfulneſs of his converſation.

The following prayer was compoſed by his Lordſhip for his own private uſe.

CIRCUIT PRAYER.

O God! the father of wiſdom, and fountain of knowledge, grant unto me thine unworthy ſervant, that meaſure of underſtanding and diſcernment, that ſpirit of juſtice, and that portion of courage, which may both enable and diſpoſe me to judge and determine thoſe weighty affairs which may this day fall under my conſideration, without error or perplexity; without fear or affection; without prejudice or paſſion; without vanity or oſtentation: but in a manner agreeable to the obligation of my oath; and the duty and dignity of that ſtation to which Thou, in thy good providence, haſt been pleaſed to advance me; and this I beg for *Jeſus Chriſt* his ſake.

Amen.

SPRIGHTLY.

The country was ſo dirty that it was the moſt expeditious method of travelling. However, it is ſaid that his father was very ſevere; and that the hardſhips which he endured in his youth, made all the reſt of his life happier to himſelf.

MILDMAY.

What progreſs did he make in his learning?

SPRIGHTLY.

I will anſwer you in the words of the good old lady; for thoſe words I have by heart; and there ſeems to be ſomething venerable in the ancient language.

"He was willing to learn, but when he "was ~~little~~ he found it ſomewhat hard; and "ſaid, that when he was old, it was a great "pleaſure to him to ſee a tree in *Holbrook* "wood; that as he came by, when he could "not attain his leſſon, he would kneel down, "and pray to God to give him wiſdom; and "he was anſwered, for at thirteen years"—

Then he goes on to deſcribe his attainments.

MILDMAY.

MILDMAY.

I wiſh I could ſee the prayer which he offered; it would ſuit me.

SPRIGHTLY.

There is no copy of that. *

We

---

* A deſcendant having expreſſed the ſame wiſh as *Mildmay* here does; a friend wrote a prayer, which ſhe thought might ſuit the occaſion, and placed it in his way. The ſweet boy exclaimed with emotion, "Here is a copy of my anceſtor's "prayer!" — As it was deſigned to cheriſh worthy impreſſions, can it be deemed impertinent to add the copy?

The CHILD's PRAYER *for* WISDOM.

O God! Who giveſt us every bleſſing which we poſſeſs; and Who waſt pleaſed to expreſs Thy approbation at the choice of *Solomon*, who aſked wiſdom of Thee; enable me, I beſeech Thee, to receive and retain ſuch inſtructions as are offered to me; ſo that I may, as I grow in years, increaſe in underſtanding. Grant, O Lord! that I may prove a comfort to my parents; and ſhew my gratitude for their affectionate attention to me, by a ready and cheerful obedience to their commands; and when Thou art pleaſed to take me from this

MILDMAY.

We think that we ſhould always remember the precepts of a parent or forefather thus tranſmitted to us; but are we not ſure that all good people are anxious that their poſterity ſhould be virtuous, whether they leave injunctions in writing or not?

SPRIGHTLY.

We are; — yet a paper left to poſterity makes great impreſſion. — One of the letters ſays,

"I have a conceit, that if my father or "grandfather had left me ſuch a thing as "this is, it would have ſunk deeper with me "after their deaths than all *Seneca*'s morals. "And I pray you to leave ſomething to your "ſon, and he to his, *&c.* that our poſterity "may know that their forefathers deſire above "all things that their children's children ſhould "ſerve God, and love one another" —

But I ſhall tire you.

MILDMAY.

---

world, do Thou receive me to everlaſting happineſs, with them, in Thy heavenly kingdom; for the ſake of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Amen.

MILDMAY.

Believe me you will not; I wiſh to ſee the whole.

SPRIGHTLY.

Then come with me.

[*They go out.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIX.

The EXCURSION.

A CLIFF NEAR THE SEA.

Mr. BROWN. *Mr.* CLARK. GENTLE. SPRIGHTLY.

Mr. CLARK.

I WILL venture to take *Sprightly*, becauſe I know he will ſubmit to our directions.

Mr. BROWN.

I am ſure *Gentle* will.

SPRIGHTLY.

Is it dangerous to paſs?

Mr. CLARK.

Not to thoſe who are accuſtomed to the path. Follow me.]

Mr.

Mr. BROWN.

Gentle!

GENTLE.

Shall I take your hand?

Mr. BROWN.

It is not often wide enough; but tread in my ſteps where it is narrow.

SPRIGHTLY.

I think I ſhall fall.

Mr. CLARK.

Courage! courage! and there is no danger.

Mr. BROWN.

Keep your eye upon me, *Gentle.*

[*They diſappear. After ſome time they all return.*

SPRIGHTLY.

I am glad we are ſafely returned; — and I thank you, Sir, for your care of me.

GENTLE.

And I thank you, Sir.

SPRIGHTLY.

The proſpect was delightful from the ſummit of the cliff.

GENTLE.

GENTLE.

Charming! but I ſhould not have liked to be left there.

SPRIGHTLY.

We could never have returned alone.

GENTLE.

We could not have aſſiſted each other.

SPRIGHTLY.

It was all we could do to follow in ſafety.

GENTLE.

Senſible is much ſuch a guide to us, as Mr. *Clark* and Mr. *Brown* have juſt now been.

SPRIGHTLY.

So he is. — "Shun ſuch a path; — follow "that; — turn to the right."

Mr. CLARK.

Who is this, *Senſible?*

SPRIGHTLY.

A young gentleman who is almoſt grown up; he lives at Mr. *Aweful's.*

Mr. BROWN.

Gentle mentioned him to me as we ſate upon

the cliff; he is the guide and deputy father of theſe little friends.

Mr. CLARK.

If you be as careful to follow *his* directions, as you were to follow *mine*, he will conduct you ſafely through life.

SPRIGHTLY.

He is ſo good to us, that it is a pleaſure to be directed by him.

GENTLE.

Whoever gives us good advice does us a kindneſs.

SPRIGHTLY.

It is true — but *Senſible* is ſo obliging in the manner of adviſing.

Mr. CLARK.

Who is his favorite?

SPRIGHTLY.

I never thought of ſuch a thing.

GENTLE.

Nor I; he is very kind to us both; he loves both; each would be ſorry to ſee himſelf preferred to his friend.

GENTLE.

SPRIGHTLY.

Excuſe me, Sir; you ought not to have aſked ſuch a queſtion.

GENTLE.

[*Runs to* Sprightly, *and embracing him, ſays,*

Dear *Sprightly!* I would not have him love me better than he did you.

SPRIGHTLY.

Nor would I be preferred to you.

Mr. CLARK.

Good boys! I only meant to try you.

Mr. BROWN.

Amiable children! love each other, and be good; love each other, and be happy.

DIALOGUE XX.

The HAPPY MOTHER.

A PARLOUR at Mr. AWEFUL's.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY *upon a Viſit.* *Mr.* WISEMAN, *and* SENSIBLE.

Mr. WISEMAN.

IF all the boys were like your ſon, Madam, it would be a pleaſure to attend.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I wiſh not to hear *flattery*, but *truth*. Is he docile?

Mr. WISEMAN.

Perfectly ſo.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I know he is apt, and has a good memory; but is he diligent and attentive?

Mr.

Mr. WISEMAN.

I have never had occaſion of complaint: how he is diſpoſed *Senſible* can beſt tell, ſince he prepares him for me.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY. [*To Senſible.*

I hear much of your kindneſs to my boy.

SENSIBLE.

He is an amiable child, Madam; I have a great affection for him.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY

You make me happy; but tell me truly, does he apply carefully?

SENSIBLE.

He is fond of his leſſons.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

And not ſoon diſcouraged at a little difficulty —

[Senſible *ſmiles and makes no reply.*

There is confeſſion in you looks; I perceive that he is.

SENSIBLE.

I endeavour to cure him o that diſpoſition; and I hope that he will correct it.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

You will pardon the anxious enquiries of a mother — is he not ſometimes inclined to conceit?

SENSIBLE.

He is ſoon elated by commendation.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

And as ſoon depreſſed when he apprehends diſpleaſure.

SENSIBLE.

He is: it is difficult to keep his ſpirits exactly at the proper pitch; in his *temper* he is always right; ever deſirous to do well; ever anxious to pleaſe.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY,

[*Shedding tears of joy, ſays to* Senſible,

I find he is the ſame engaging child as he was at home — to your attention I owe much. [*To Mr.* Wiſeman.] *You*, Sir, can not ſo aſſiduouſly cultivate the diſpoſitions of your pupils.

Mr. WISEMAN.

I could not, Madam, even if I were as intimately acquainted with them.

Mrs.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Of the progreſs which my little boy makes in his learning, it is Mr. *Sprightly*'s province to enquire; his temper and morals are more immediately my department, and they intereſt me exceedingly.

Mr. WISEMAN.

As far as my opportunities of obſervation can enable me to judge, *Sprightly* is ſuch as a fond mother would wiſh.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Artleſs and honeſt.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Perfectly.

SENSIBLE.

It is a very amiable part of his character.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

There is no greater ſecurity for good behaviour; nor any quality which I ſhould more regret the loſs of; he *was* remarkable for openneſs of temper.

Mr.

Mr. WISEMAN.

So he remains — I will give you an inſtance — trifles ſerve to ſhew characters.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

To a *parent* nothing is a *trifle*.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Sprightly had been deficient in a *Latin* verb, I deſired him to perfect himſelf; he ſate down, ſtudied diligently, and returned to repeat it — I heard him through, and, returning the book, ſaid, "*Very well!*" — He bluſhed, and ſaid, "Sir, I hope you will not be diſpleaſed with "a boy who ſate near me, (he meant it kindly,) "I muſt confeſs that I heard a voice whiſper to "me, where I was before at a loſs." I aſked, "Should you not have known?" "I believe "not, Sir; and if you pleaſe, I will ſtudy "it again."

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Himſelf! Sweet child!

SENSIBLE.

Thoſe difficulties rarely occur; he learns readily whatever he *thinks* that he can learn.

Mrs.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

But is apt to be diſcouraged?

SENSIBLE.

That will ſoon go off.

[*Enter Mr.* Sprightly *leading his little boy, who quits his hand and runs to Mrs.* Sprightly.]

SPRIGHTLY.

Mamma, we have taken a long walk.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I hope it has been an agreeable one.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

I examined his progreſs, and am well ſatisfied.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I have been enquiring reſpecting his conduct. Theſe gentlemen give our ſon a good character.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

You mentioned a little friend whom you had a wiſh to take home — Mr. *Aweful* gives leave.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

What his name?

SPRIGHTLY.

Gentle. We love each other like brothers.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Tell him to prepare himſelf.

SPRIGHTLY.

I'll go now, mamma. [*He goes out.*

Mr. SPRIGHTLY,

Mr. *Wiſeman*, I am pleaſed to hear my boy ſpeak with ſatisfaction of his leſſons; it is a good ſign.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

My dear, my heart overflows with joy at the account of *William*'s conduct; and with thankfulneſs to theſe gentlemen —— Mr. *Senſible* is like an elder brother to him.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

My dear Sir! I can not ſay how much you oblige me — when you are a *father* you will know what my heart feels.

SENSIBLE.

Sir, it is a pleaſure to guide ſo amiable a boy.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

Is he not rather indolent?

SENSIBLE.

Perhaps, were he to indulge himſelf, he would ſometimes linger in bed; and be tedious in dreſſing

dreſſing; but his ſweet diſpoſition makes him correct every propenſity to ill.——

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

How does he paſs his leiſure hours?

SENSIBLE.

In innocent play, or in reading ſuch books as I recommend to him; he works in his garden too.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

A propos; that reminds me of a promiſe. I am to carry you to look at his garden: Will you come?

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Certainly.

[*They go out.*

DIALOGUE XXI.

RATIONAL EMPLOYMENT.

A PARLOUR.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY *ſits at Work by a Table, upon which lies* Barlow's Æſop — GENTLE *and* SPRIGHTLY *are turning it over.*

GENTLE.

I WISH we underſtood *Latin* perfectly well.

SPRIGHTLY.

My elder brothers could conſtrue the fables — or my ſiſter can tranſlate from the *French*, and ſatisfy our curioſity.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

[*Laying down her work, ſhe looks over them, ſaying,*]

The OLD MAN AND HIS SONS — there is a manuſcript

manuſcript at the end, which I will ſhew you — *there* — it was written by a friend, to ſuit the print.

SPRIGHTLY. [*Reads.*]

FABLE.

" An old man had three ſons, who uſed " to quarrel often; which made him very un- " happy.

" One day he called them to him, " Here " is a bundle of twigs, break them."

" The eldeſt ſon tried; then the ſecond; " laſt of all the youngeſt ſtrove, but they all " attempted it in vain.

" The old man then took the bundle again " into his hand, and thus addreſſed his ſons:

" Your frequent quarrels diſtreſs me; a fa- " mily which is divided by diſputes can never " thrive. Brothers ſhould be the deareſt friends; " they were born to aſſiſt and comfort each " other.

" Let this bundle of twigs teach you the be- " nefit of unanimity; — you ſee its ſtrength

"whilst the band remains; — loose the band, "and then try."

"No sooner were the twigs separated, than "the young men began to snap them as fast "as possible.

"The father then repeated,

"Let that bundle of twigs be a lesson to "you, my sons. So long as you are united "by the bond of brotherly affection, you will "derive mutual security from your alliance; but "if you be divided by dissention, you may all "be ruined with ease."

"The mother who stood looking out at the "door, called to them,

"O, my children! if you love your father "who provides for, or your mother who "nursed you, live in a friendly manner toge-"ther; so will the sight of your happiness cheer "the heart of your parents; and He who placed "you here will bless you."

GENTLE.

Now we will look again at the print.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

How ſerious the countenance of the father is.

GENTLE.

It is rather ſtern!

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

His countenance denotes him earneſt and anxious for the welfare of his ſons.

GENTLE.

I am thinking that a mother would look more pleaſantly than the woman does.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

Conſider — ſhe is not ſurveying her ſons, with the ſatisfaction which a tender parent feels, when a ſet of affectionate children are aſſembled; ſhe is not looking around her like my ſweet mamma.

GENTLE.

It is true — I was wrong in my remark.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

Her face expreſſes great ſolicitude; it ſeems to ſay, "Alas! when we are in our grave our "ſons my be miſerable; miſerable from their "own fault."

SPRIGHTLY.

Probably ſhe may be ſuppoſed to reflect upon her own neglect or miſmanagement of her ſons in their youth.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

Brother — you remember Mrs. *Doat*, when the babe was coming home from nurſe?

SPRIGHTLY.

I was not there.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

She ſaid to the eldeſt boy, "Now your bro-"ther is coming home; and if you be not "very good, I ſhall love him beſt."

SPRIGHTLY.

How contrary to my mamma's management!

GENTLE.

Mrs. *Giddy* ſays to *Jack*, "If you do not "take care, *Tommy* will get before you;" and the nurſery maid calls to him, "If you do "ſo, I ſhall not love you ſo well as I ſhall "maſter *Tommy*."

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

She muſt be a weak woman, or very inconſiderate.

SPRIGHTLY.

Few children have ſuch parents as we have — if we were not affectionate to each other, we ſhould be doubly faulty.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

I will ſhew you a picture of my mamma. [*Reads.*

"See a fond mother, encircled by her chil-
"dren; with pious tenderneſs ſhe looks around,
"and her ſoul even melts with maternal love.

"One ſhe kiſſes on the forehead, and claps
"another to her boſom.

"One ſhe ſets upon her knee, and finds a
"ſeat upon her foot for another.

"And, while, by their actions, their liſping
"words, and aſking eyes, ſhe underſtands their va-
"rious numberleſs little wiſhes; to theſe ſhe diſ-
"penſes a look; a word to thoſe; and, whether
"ſhe ſmiles or frowns, it is all in tender love."

The reſt is very ſerious; ſhall I proceed?

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray do: I can be ſerious.

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

—Doubtleſs: yet I would not enter upon ſuch a ſubject, till I had appriſed you. [*Reads.*

"*Such*, to us, though infinitely high and "and awful, is *Providence.*

"So it watches over us; comforting theſe; "providing for thoſe; liſtening to all; aſſiſting "every one.

"And, if ſometimes it denies the favor we "implore, it denies but to invite our more "earneſt prayers; or ſeeming to deny a bleſ-"ſing, grants one in the refuſal."

SPRIGHTLY.

I thank you: where did you meet with this?

Miſs SPRIGHTLY.

My aunt gave it to me. I think ſhe ſaid that *Richardſon* was the author, in whoſe works ſhe met with it.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXII.

The TIMID CRIMINAL.

SAGE's CHAMBER.

SAGE. FRANKLING.

SAGE.

I AM very ſorry that you have been ſo drawn in.

FRANKLING.

I am aſhamed to *own* that I was.

SAGE.

Rather ſay aſhamed that you *were*; the voluntary avowal does you credit.

FRANKLING.

I am requeſted to confeſs for a friend.

SAGE.

Meek, I ſuppoſe.

FRANKLING.

FRANKLING.

Did you know?

SAGE.

No: I only gueſſed who it was. He has neither reſolution to keep clear of faults, nor courage to own them.

FRANKLING.

He is much concerned.

SAGE.

That he always is. When he has done ill, he ſuffers ample puniſhment in his own feelings.

FRANKLING.

May I aſſure him of your pardon?

SAGE.

Let him come.

FRANKLING.

He dares not ſee you.

SAGE.

If he were as cautious to avoid a fault, as he is diſtreſſed when he has committed one, he would rarely offend.

FRANKLING.

You forgive him, I hope.

SAGE.

SAGE.

I muſt talk with him.

FRANKLING.

He was very unwilling to go. Unable to withſtand the intreaties of ſome, and the raillery of others; he was almoſt forced away.

SAGE.

Was he *forced* to drink?

FRANKLING.

I believe he would rather have been excuſed after the firſt glaſs; he is not fond of liquor.

SAGE.

I believe he is not.

FRANKLING.

I truſt that he will never repeat the fault.

SAGE.

I feel no ſuch confidence.

FRANKLING.

You can not imagine how great his concern is.

SAGE.

Yes — I have often been witneſs to equal remorſe in him.

FRANKLING.

FRANKLING.

Poor fellow! how hard is it, that he has incurred the diſpleaſure of his beſt friend! and he really enjoyed no pleaſure in the ſcheme! — I will be his ſurety in future.

SAGE.

You are raſh.

FRANKLING.

I ſee his ſufferings from compunction; I know how averſe he was from engaging.

SAGE.

I love you for your zeal; and pity his ſufferings.

FRANKLING.

Then I hope that you receive him into favour; may I tell him? —

SAGE.

Not ſo.

FRANKLING.

I can poſitively aſſert, that he joined the party with reluctance; and entering the tavern was entirely contrary to his inclination.

SAGE.

He is guilty of abundance of faults, merely from

from want of reſolution to withſtand the perſuaſions of thoſe who laugh at him for his weakneſs in complying with their ſolicitations.

FRANKLIN.

Cruel!

SAGE.

Fooliſh!

FRANKLING,

You are his guide; do not forſake him.

SAGE.

Fear not. I love him tenderly.

MEEK. [*Stealing in.*]

O! forgive me, that I liſtened — I durſt not come in.

SAGE.

I wiſhed to give you my advice once more.

MEEK.

How good you are! I am not afraid to promiſe never to offend in this way again — I never loved liquor.

SAGE.

The going out was a great fault; it was contrary to the laws of the ſchool.

MEEK.

I was very unwilling to go.

SAGE.

Why did you?

MEEK.

The boys told me I was a miſer and a coward.

SAGE.

You proved yourſelf a coward. — Do you remember the reply of *Xenophanes* to thoſe who urged him to venture his money in a game of dice; upbraiding him with being timorous?

MEEK.

No indeed.

SAGE.

Hear then from me — and let it remain in your memory.

"*I confeſs I am ſo timorous, I dare not do* "*an ill thing.*"

Remember thoſe words — if you do not conquer that falſe modeſty, you will go on all your life ſinning without inclination; and repenting without amendment. — You muſt exert reſolution to do what you *know is right.*

MEEK.

MEEK.

I could have withſtood the perſuaſions; but the boys ſaid I was loath to ſpend my money.

SAGE.

You ought *not* to ſpend it in *vice*.

MEEK.

They called me ſneaking creature; and ſaid, that I wanted to creep back to ſchool, to betray them, and get myſelf excuſed.

SAGE.

Beware of the firſt and ſlighteſt breach of rules; if you had not acccompanied them out of bounds, you could not have been ſo beſet,

MEEK.

When I got over the wall, I knew nothing of what they deſigned.

SAGE.

Nor they probably. He who begins to decline from the right path, ſlips farther and farther; till he is frightened to find himſelf on the brink of ruin.

MEEK.

I little thought of being drawn into ſuch faults.

SAGE.

I believe you. Your diſpoſition is good; you wiſh to act rightly; yet few tranſgreſs ſo frequently.

MEEK.

I am an unhappy creature — when I am engaged in a ſcheme, I ſee others merry and happy —

SAGE.

Merry perhaps, but not *happy*; — *he* only is *happy* who acts as he ought — but go on.

MEEK.

I am inwardly lamenting that I ſhall diſpleaſe my real friends; ſo that I have no enjoyment at the time — then I am in a continual fright leſt a diſcovery ſhould be made; — and when I am detected —

SAGE.

You are ſincerely ſorry — you promiſe, (and probably you think) that you will do ſo no more; if you can obtain forgiveneſs this time, indeed you will offend no more — but alas! your promiſes —

MEEK.

Dear Mr. *Sage* ſpare me the reſt—I am ſo ſorry, ſo aſhamed —

SAGE.

I am far from delighting to reproach—but I have tried every method without ſucceſs —now obſerve— in future I will take no notice of you the day after an offence; I mean if you confeſs it to me directly; elſe I ſhall withhold my notice a week.

MEEK.

You forgive me this time?

SAGE.

I do; in conſideration that you acquainted me directly.

MEEK.

Dear Mr. *Sage!* I thank you! — if you ceaſed to love me, I ſhould be miſerable.

SAGE.

Take care!

To *remember the end* is not a ſufficient caution for *you*.

Think of *me*, and be *firm* in your adherence to what you *know* to be *right*.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

The NEW SCHOLAR.

A ROOM OPENING INTO A GALLERY.

SENSIBLE *and* SAGE *are seen converſing with Earneſtneſs.*

SENSIBLE.

I AM certain that your young friend will *learn* nothing amiſs of *Sprightly*; are you confident that he will *teach* him no harm?

SAGE.

I hope not. Yet you ought to give *Sprightly* a caution.

SENSIBLE.

What are *Supple*'s particular faults?

SAGE.

I do not know.

SENSIBLE.

Then I muſt obſerve his conduct before I ven-

ture to introduce him to my little friend; you know how infectious vice is.

SAGE.

I hope that *Supple*'s errors have not been such as to deserve the harsh appellation of *vice*.

SENSIBLE.

As you only *hope*, you must allow me to *fear*.

SAGE.

I will enquire farther before I press you to admit him to any degree of intimacy with your charge.

SENSIBLE.

You ought to know his character as he is recommended to your particular guidance.

SAGE.

His parents are pious good people; I know that they instilled good principles before they sent him to school.

SENSIBLE.

You say he is removed hither on account of misconduct.

SAGE.

He is.

SENSIBLE.

You muſt not blame me, if I defer the acquaintance with *Sprightly*, till we know the nature of that miſconduct.

SAGE.

I hope that *Supple* is not ſo bad as many boys who are already here. — *Sprightly* is acquainted with ſeveral naughty boys, yet *Sprightly* remains good.

SENSIBLE.

As far as common civility requires, he is acquainted with ſeveral boys, with whom I ſhould be ſorry to ſee him intimate.

SAGE.

Let him then be a common acquaintance till we ſee how *Supple* acquits himſelf.

SENSIBLE.

Agreed. If you will enquire what *Supple*'s faults have been; and allow me to acquaint *Sprightly*.

SAGE.

I can not conſent to proclaim *Supple*'s miſconduct; becauſe it would remove one powerful incentive to reformation.

SENSIBLE.

You mean his hope to eſtabliſh a good character here?

SAGE.

I do.

SENSIBLE.

Let me then explain myſelf. I can depend upon *Sprightly*'s ſecrecy; he will not betray the confidence we may place in him.

SAGE.

Then you would merely announce to him the diſpoſition of our new boarder, to put him upon his guard?

SENSIBLE.

That is my deſign.

SAGE.

I conſent to that.

SENSIBLE.

But obſerve — you muſt firſt learn whether he be free from all criminal inclinations; — if he be a liar ——

SAGE.

If I find that he has been guilty of crimes,

I would

I would not aſk you to allow an intimacy with *Sprightly*.

SENSIBLE.

A boy may be free from actual *crimes*, yet prove a very dangerous companion.

SAGE.

It is true.

SENSIBLE.

I will even ſuppoſe that *Supple* is merely negligent and inattentive, and might be removed hither ſolely becauſe he made no improvement where he was.

SAGE.

I wiſh it may be no worſe.

SENSIBLE.

We will ſuppoſe this to be the caſe; I ſhould ſhudder to expoſe *Sprightly* to the contagion.

SAGE.

Sprightly is attentive —— his good example might correct the fault of his friend.

SENSIBLE.

I ſhould rejoice to ſee it; but I dare not hazard the reverſe — it is more probable that the

the habit of negligence would ſteal inſenſibly upon *Sprightly* —— *Supple* is an engaging boy, you ſay?

SAGE.

He appears to be ſo.

SENSIBLE.

He is the more dangerous, if he be not good. I wiſh to aſſiſt you in reforming him without a hazard of corrupting my own pupil.

SAGE.

I am very anxious for his reformation — ſee how his mother writes. [*Gives a letter.*]

SENSIBLE.

[*Reads over the letter to himſelf; ſheds tears; and after a pauſe, ſays,*]

Poor woman! ſhe writes feelingly — I pity her tenderly.

SAGE.

And can you refuſe to aſſiſt in reforming her ſon?

SENSIBLE.

Refuſe? — I will do any thing to promote ſo good a work; any thing but expoſe another child

child to the danger of cauſing the ſame pangs in the breaſt of his mother. — Can I ſee the perſon who accompanied him hither?

SAGE.

I wiſh you to ſee him — he will call ſoon.

SENSIBLE.

Who is he?

SAGE.

An old ſervant — born in the family, ſo much attached to the lad, that he requeſted to ſtay with him a few days, to ſee how he ſettles in his new ſchool.

SENSIBLE.

His name, I ſee, is *Truſty* — is he related?

SAGE.

Here he comes — he is talking to *Supple* at the end of the gallery.

TRUSTY.

My dear, go to play. To indulge your grief will do no good.

SUPPLE.

I can not play.

TRUSTY.

&c.

TRUSTY.

Look on then whilſt others play; it will amuſe you, and you will feel ſatisfaction in ſeeing them ſo well pleaſed.

SUPPLE.

I had rather ſit here.

SAGE.

Mr. *Truſty*, walk in. [*Enter* Truſty.] I will ſhut the door, as I want to talk with you in private; — you have always lived in the *Supple* family?

TRUSTY.

Sir, I was born in the houſe. My father was a ſervant to old Sir *Thomas*, and was ſo happy as to ſave his life — my mother was the children's nurſery-maid.

SAGE.

Do you live in the family now?

TRUSTY.

I live in the houſe, Sir, I ſhould be miſerable to leave it — but I am not a ſervant.

SAGE.

You are well acquainted with the youth whom you accompanied hither?

TRUSTY.

Sir, I have known him from his birth.

SAGE.

What is the reaſon of his removal from his firſt ſchool?

TRUSTY.

Ah, Sir! he was a charming boy when he went thither.

SAGE.

Was he idle?

TRUSTY.

Sir. I would not talk upon the ſubject now.

SAGE.

Mr. *Senſible* is my particular friend, he will not divulge.

SENSIBLE.

I am going. [*Goes out.*

TRUSTY.

Sir, my heart bleeds when I recollect my poor lady *Supple*'s reflection at the birth of this boy — "O!" ſaid ſhe, "what a comfort will "this child be, if he prove good! but if not" — Sir, you muſt gueſs the reſt; for — [*He weeps.*

SAGE.

SAGE.

I can readily gueſs, good Mr. *Truſty* — pray what are his faults?

TRUSTY.

Why do you aſk?

SAGE.

That I may be prepared to correct them in him; and to guard againſt his miſleading others.

TRUSTY.

He is far from being ill-inclined, Sir; but ſo compliant, that he does as thoſe about him do, whether it be good or ill.

SAGE.

A dangerous eaſineſs — yet I hope that by introducing him to a ſet of worthy boys, we may reſtore him to goodneſs.

TRUSTY.

Dear, Sir, try. He met with many very idle companions at *Lington*.

SAGE.

They are to be met with in all ſchools. — We will call him in.

TRUSTY. [*opens the door, and calls,* Maſter *Supple!* Maſter *Supple!* — He is gone; will ſeek for him.

[*He goes out.*

SAGE.

Honeſt, affectionate old man!

[*Enter* Senſible *and* Sprightly.]

SENSIBLE.

Is Mr. *Truſty* gone?

SAGE.

He is gone to ſeek for *Supple.*

SENSIBLE.

What do you hear?

SAGE.

No particulars; — merely that he went to ſchool a good boy, and was corrupted by naughty companions.

[*Re-enter* Truſty, *with* Supple.]

SUPPLE.

Mr. *Truſty* tells me that you will be my guardian.

SAGE.

Gladly.

SUPPLE.

You are very good; — I am ſo unhappy!

[*Sighing.*

SAGE.

What is the matter?

SUPPLE.

I have grieved my parents by my faults.

SAGE.

Reſolve to do better.

SUPPLE.

Sir, *that* I have reſolved a thouſand times; and a thouſand times broken my reſolution.

SAGE.

Frankly confeſſed. — I hope you will be able to keep your good reſolutions, now you have left your naughty companions.

SUPPLE.

I wiſh I may. — When I have ſometimes received a kind letter of good advice from my dear mamma, and been crying over it, they would come and ſnatch it away, read it aloud, laugh at the advice, and ridicule me for regarding it.

SPRIGHTLY.

O dear! how bad!

SUPPLE.

When I knelt down the first night to say my prayers, they called out, "*a Methodist!*" *

SPRIGHTLY.

What did you do?

SUPPLE.

I never durst kneel any more, for shame.

SAGE.

It is of the utmost consequence to distinguish between *true* and *false* shame; never be ashamed to *do well.*

SUPPLE.

I was very unhappy; I often knew I was doing ill, yet had not courage to brave the jests of my naughty companions.

SPRIGHTLY.

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* The absurd exclamation of Folly and Irreligion at the appearance of Devotion. — What is put into the mouth of Fools can not be supposed to be meant as a reflection on any sect.

SPRIGHTLY.

I ſhould have done as ill, if I had not had ſuch a friend as *Senſible*.

SUPPLE.

Why?

SPRIGHTLY.

I thought it was manly to copy after older boys.

SENSIBLE.

You are modeſt in your confeſſion.

SPRIGHTLY.

You recollect that I imitated ſome idle ſlovens in neglecting to comb and waſh; and when you reproved me, I owned that I wiſhed to be like my ſchool-fellows.

SUPPLE.

Well!

SPRIGHTLY.

"Be as compliant as you pleaſe," ſaid *Senſible*, "in things indifferent; let others chooſe "whether you ſhall drive a hoop, or play at "leap-frog;—but where *right* and *wrong* are concerned, be *firm*."

TRUSTY.

Who is this charming boy? how well he remembers the precepts of his friends!

SENSIBLE.

He is an excellent boy; and I hope he may be inſtrumental in winning *Supple* to the right way.

SAGE.

Does *Supple* love books?

TRUSTY.

He did before he left home he has been quite unſettled ſince.

SAGE.

He will probably grow fond of them again. We have a ſet of boys to whom we recommend ſuch books as we approve.

SENSIBLE.

When the weather is bad, or a holiday affords leiſure hours, *Sprightly* and a few more boys paſs ſome time in reading, or in copying ſuch paſſages as we point out to them.

SAGE.

We will admit him of the party.

TRUSTY.

TRUSTY.

How happy ſhall I make Lady *Supple* at my return!

SAGE.

I have great hopes that we may reſtore your young friend to reaſon.

TRUSTY.

My dear, I hope you will learn to copy after good examples.

SUPPLE.

I wiſh I may.

TRUSTY.

We are all prone to evil; think of your dear parents, ſtrive to grow as good as they wiſh you to be;—pray to God to enable you to amend.

SUPPLE.

I hope that the boys at this ſchool do not laugh and play at church; I have been drawn into doing ſo; and ſince that naughtineſs, I really believe that God has puniſhed me by leaving me to myſelf.

SAGE.

God does withdraw his grace from thoſe who make

make an ill uſe of it; but if you repent, and pray to him for aſſiſtance, he will bleſs and enable you to be good.

SENSIBLE.

Mr. *Aweful*, Mr. *Wiſeman*, Mr. *Sage*, all watch over the boys to keep them in order at church; they are obliged to behave with decency, ſo that you will never be interrupted in your devotions; it muſt depend upon yourſelf to be really devout.

SAGE.

If you be not attentive when you pray to God, you will draw down a *curſe*, and not a *bleſſing*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIV.

The USHER.

THE SCHOOL.

Boys assembled.

MEEK.

I Have forgot my leſſons.

MILDMAY.

What a pity!

MEEK.

I wiſh I had not been at home.

SPRIGHTLY.

Rather wiſh that you had looked over your leſſons whilſt you were at home.

MEEK.

How vexatious it is! —— who would have thought it?

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

What is the matter?

MEEK.

I have loſt all my leſſons.

SENSIBLE.

I am ſorry for it.

MEEK.

I wiſh I had not.

SENSIBLE.

Does wiſhing help you?

MEEK.

You rally me.

SPRIGHTLY.

I know what *Senſible* will add; — what will help you?

MEEK.

What will?

SPRIGHTLY.

To ſtudy diligently.

MEEK.

I am diſcouraged that my memory is ſo bad.

SENSIBLE.

Exerciſe will ſtrengthen it.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

Study carefully; I will hear you repeat.

MEEK.

You are very kind.

SPRIGHTLY.

Come, come, loſe no time; Mr. *Wiſeman* will be here ſoon.

MEEK.

I ſhould repeat a page; I can not learn it in time.

SPRIGHTLY.

Not unleſs you begin; I will ſtudy it with you as an encouragement; it will imprint it the more firmly in my memory.—We may ſtudy aloud till Mr. *Wiſeman* comes.

MEEK.

You are very good to me.

SPRIGHTLY.

I put myſelf in your place; juſt returned from your friends, whom you grieved to quit, and at a loſs in your leſſon too:—I pity you, and am happy to give you any help.——*Supple!* do you know your leſſon?

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

No.

SPRIGHTLY.

Take my advice: always learn your leſſon thoroughly, then amuſe yourſelf at your leiſure.

SUPPLE.

I can not learn ſo faſt as I could when I was eight years old.

SPRIGHTLY.

That is for want of practice.

SUPPLE.

How mortifying it is, to be in ſo low a claſs at my age!

SENSIBLE.

Let that be a ſpur to you to take great pains; then you will ſoon get out of the low claſs.

SUPPLE.

O! that I could recall time!

SENSIBLE.

Waſte not more in fruitleſs wiſhes;—
Make good uſe of the *preſent* time;
So only you can redeem the *paſt*.

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

How quick *Sprightly* is! I envy him.

SENSIBLE.

Envy no one; make the beſt uſe of the capacity and memory which you enjoy: ſo may you improve them.

CAREFUL.

I have no quickneſs, no ſtrength of memory to boaſt of; but I am always ready with my leſſons.

SENSIBLE.

You have more merit than if you were naturally bright and leſs aſſiduous.

SPRIGHTLY.

It is hard upon *Supple* that he uſed a different grammar at *Lington*.

TAUNT.

He did not learn much in it.

CAREFUL.

But what he has learned is of no uſe here.

SENSIBLE.

You are greatly miſtaken; but if it were not of uſe, you ſhould not diſcourage him.—Should

he imagine that he could not get forward, he certainly could not. — To your ſeats — here is Mr. *Wiſeman*.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Who is ready? — *Meek* are you?

MEEK. [*Crying.*]

No, Sir.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Does crying help you?

MEEK.

No, Sir.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Supple!

SUPPLE.

Sir!

Aſide to Sprightly.] Dear *Sprightly*, whiſper me when I am at a loſs.

SPRIGHTLY.

Aſide.] Say you are not ready; *that* will be honeſt; and ſtudy as hard as you can.

SUPPLE.

Aſide.] I am afraid to ſay ſo; and I can not learn my leſſon.

SPRIGHTLY

SPRIGHTLY.

Aſide.] Do not think ſo.

SUPPLE.

Aſide.] Tell me this once.

SPRIGHTLY.

Aſide.] So you will miſs learning the firſt leſſon: *that firſt* leſſon ſhould be the foundation for the reſt.

SUPPLE.

Aſide.] I will aſk you but this time.

SPRIGHTLY.

Aſide.] So you think now.

SUPPLE.

Aſide.] I will be guided by you; and try to learn it.

SPRIGHTLY.

Aſide.] You will find the advantage of diligence and application.

[*After ſome time a ſervant enters, and ſpeaks to Mr.* Wiſeman, *who goes out.*]

MEEK.

It would break my heart to be thrown back

as *Supple* is; he is now beginning with little boys of ſix years old.

SUPPLE.

It is my own fault; I really know no more than they do.

PERT.

If you *did*, it would be the ſame; — Mr. *Wiſeman* made *Sprightly* begin again; yet he knew a great deal.

SUPPLE.

How did that happen?

SPRIGHTLY.

The grammar uſed here is different from that in which my mamma taught me.

PERT.

It was very cruel.

SPRIGHTLY.

I was rather diſappointed — for I expected to be in a higher claſs.

SUPPLE.

What did you do?

SPRIGHTLY.

I ſtudied hard.

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

I will tell you what his modeſty makes him ſuppreſs. — He got through the grammar in a ſhort time, and raiſed himſelf to a higher claſs by merit. — Now who does not allow that Mr. *Wiſeman* was kind, to give him the pleaſure of working his way?

SUPPLE.

I have not ſuch quickneſs; neither am I accuſtomed to learning. — I never looked in a book at *Lington*.

SENSIBLE.

You are candid in your confeſſion of paſt errors; ſo I may ſay that you experience puniſhment.

SUPPLE. [*Wiping his eyes.*]

Severe puniſhment! — here I ſit like a great overgrown dunce, ſurrounded by little boys!

SPRIGHTLY.

You will not ſit there long, if inſtead of repining you apply carefully.

WILFUL.

If I were you I would not learn in a new grammar.

SENSIBLE.

The new grammar would ſignify little, if he had been well verſed in the firſt.

PERT.

How can you ſay ſo? — all *his* (pointing to *Sprightly*) mamma's time was thrown away, and ſhe thought herſelf *ſo* clever.

SPRIGHTLY. [*interrupting him.*]

Whatever liberties you take with *me*, I will not allow ſuch freedom of ſpeech about my *mamma*.

PERT.

Will you fight me?

SPRIGHTLY.

If ——

SENSIBLE.

Do not anſwer him. —

Mrs. *Sprightly*'s time was well ſpent; he had acquired a habit of ſtudying; he had improved his memory; he had learned to conſider the allotted taſk as a duty.

PERT.

A duty!

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

Obedience to parents is the firſt duty; and where parents are good and judicious, it will ſecure the obſervance of every duty.

PERT.

We have no parents here.

SENSIBLE.

But you have thoſe who are appointed by your parents to act as their deputies; to *them* therefore you owe obedience, with ſome degree of affection.

PERT.

Wilful! do you hear? it is your duty to love Mr. *Wiſeman*.

WILFUL.

I ſhall never love him; I did not love my papa when he whipped me;* nor my mamma when ſhe contradicted me.

SPRIGHTLY.

---

* Maſter *Wilful* was an ill-managed child. — Children who are improperly indulged, muſt occaſionally be as improperly corrected. Rods and ſugar-plums meet in the ſame houſe.

SPRIGHTLY.

O fie! fie!

WILFUL.

I do not love people when they are croſs.

SPRIGHTLY.

They deſigned their reproofs, their chaſtiſement for your benefit.

WILFUL.

So *they* told me; — what good ſhould it do me to be whipped?

SPRIGHTLY.

Teach you to be good another time; make you remember.

WILFUL.

If they whipped me all day, I would be as naughty as I liked.

SPRIGHTLY.

Stubborn, naughty boy!

SENSIBLE.

Wilful, come hither!

WILFUL.

I won't.

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

I merely meant to talk to others through you: young gentlemen, I ſhould not ſpend a part of the ſchool hours in chat, but that ſome of the boys have advanced maxims which have a dangerous tendency; and I wiſhed to give you an antidote to the poiſon.

PERT.

Silence! liſten to the learned orator!

SENSIBLE.

You, *Pert*, may be as ſaucy as you pleaſe; I ſhall not be deterred from a good action by fooliſh jeſts.

Were I haranguing the boys with a view to ſhew my ſuperior wit, I ſhould then be ridiculous; but I wiſh to perſuade them * to judge with propriety: my deſign therefore is laudable, let the execution be as it may.

The fundamental error among children is that they aſſign the actions of their ſuperiors to erroneous

* Let the Reader accept the Writer's apology in *Senſible*'s ſpeech.

neous motives. We frequently ſee this miſtaken judgment in one particular inſtance, I mean the article of correction.

Mr. *Wiſeman* is taxed with ſeverity: to whom is he ſevere?—to the *lazy*, the *idle*, the *vicious*; never to the *dull*.

I often hear Mr. *Wiſeman* accuſed of ill-nature: but by whom is he ſo accuſed?—by none but very naughty boys; boys who impute to his humour the chaſtiſement which he inflicts upon them, for the correction of their faults.

WILFUL.

My mamma grew tired of whipping me.

SENSIBLE.

And do you make your boaſt of it? incorrigible boy! you are unworthy notice: but I ſpeak for the ſake of other little boys, who might be corrupted by you. I ſometimes hear enquiries,—"Is Mr. *Wiſeman* in good humour?" if the anſwer be—"*yes*,"—you think that you may be careleſs with impunity: but if—

TRIFLE *exclaims*,

Mr. *Wiſeman*!

Enter

[*Enter Mr.* Wiſeman.]

SENSIBLE.

As a mark of reſpect I deſiſt from talking.

DIALOGUE XXV.

The ACCOUNT-BOOK.

SAGE's CHAMBER.

SAGE—SUPPLE.

SAGE. [*Looking over a Book of Accounts*]

HERE is a ſhilling deficient; how do you account for that?

SUPPLE.

I am aſhamed to ſay.

SAGE.

Tell me, however.

SUPPLE.

I lent it to *Frank Careleſs*. I hope you will forgive a fault which aroſe from good humour.

SAGE.

Good humour is no excuſe for diſobedience in any one; and leaſt of all in you, who have been

been led into all ſorts of miſchief by compliance.

SUPPLE.

He begged ſo hard that I could not deny him.

SAGE.

Had his allowance been ſmall, and you had *given* him the ſhilling, I ſhould have approved, nay applauded the act. I ſhould have exceedingly praiſed your conduct; but then you ought to have ſet it down among your expences.

SUPPLE.

He intreated that I would lend it to him.

SAGE.

Why did you not tell him that one of your papa's injunctions was, never to *lend* or *borrow* money?

SUPPLE.

I did; but that would not ſatisfy him.

SAGE.

It ought to have done; now you have not a farthing left.

SUPPLE.

I ſhall receive my allowance on *Monday*.

SAGE.

You ſhould not leave yourſelf quite without money; the fault puniſhes itſelf this week: you can not have the pleaſure to ſubſcribe towards the payment of the ſurgeon's bill for poor Dame *Need*.

SUPPLE.

I am very ſorry.

SAGE.

I once had the ſon of a particular friend under my care. I was ſo happy as to ſee him ſteer the middle courſe between niggardlineſs and extravagance: for him I wrote a ſet of maxims, to guide him reſpecting œconomy. I will read a part.

MAXIM I.

Be not ſelfiſh.

The *Prodigal*, who *ſpends* all that he has upon *himſelf*, is no leſs *mean* than the *Miſer* who delights to hoard.

MAXIM II.

Firſt be *juſt*;

Then *charitable*;

Then

Then *generous.*

To enable you to b- all theſe, be *frugal.*

MAXIM III.

Never *borrow*; but be contented; — keep your expences within your allowa e. *

* It were well if Parents and Maſters would attend to the conduct of Children in theſe particulars. — How many young people contract at ſchool, habits of extravagance which involve themſelves and their families in diſtreſs and diſgrace! — It is the epidemical madneſs of this age to ſpend on *Monday* the allotment for the preſent week, and to mortgage on *Tueſday* the allowance for the next.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

THE ENQUIRY.

AN ALCOVE, *commanding a View of the Play-Ground.—The Boys are ſeen at play.*

Mr. QUONDAM, *(a former Scholar)* *Mr.* SAGE.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I AM in the midſt of ſtrangers.

SAGE.

A great number are come ſince you left us.

Mr. QUONDAM.

How does *Careful* go on?

SAGE.

Very well, indeed.

Mr. QUONDAM.

He continues to be diligent?

SAGE.

He does: his progreſs is a proof what application will do.

Mr. QUONDAM.

He had ſlow parts.

SAGE.

He has paſſed ſeveral of the quick boys.

Mr. QUONDAM.

A propos! is *Pert* here ſtill?

SAGE.

He is likely to be here all his life, if he ſtay till he is in the upper form.

Mr. QUONDAM.

As ignorant as ever?

SAGE.

And as conceited.

Mr. QUONDAM

And *therefore* as ignorant; for he does not want capacity.

SAGE.

He thinks he knows every thing; by which mean he learns nothing.

Mr. QUONDAM.

What ſort of boy is *Meek?*

SAGE.

Well diſpoſed; but in danger of ruin, for want of reſolution.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Apt?

SAGE.

Not unapt; yet I doubt he will make little progreſs.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Idle?

SAGE.

Not ſo idle, as languid, and diffident of himſelf; he is rather indolent, nor can I make him *wiſh* to excel.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Does he wiſh to pleaſe?

SAGE.

Y—e—s, if he could do it without trouble.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I ſhould be very apprehenſive of *Meek* being corrupted.

SAGE.

I am exceedingly fearful for him; he is frequently

quently in ſcrapes; if I reprove him he weeps, and intreats forgiveneſs; is miſerable till he has obtained my pardon; then he forgets all my advice, falls into ſome new ſcrape, and is again miſerable.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Somewhat like your new ſcholar from *Lington.*

SAGE.

I have introduced him to a ſet of good boys; he begins to reliſh advice, and to apply carefully to buſineſs, ſo that I have great hopes of him.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Who are thoſe good boys?

SAGE.

One is an excellent little fellow of the *Sprightly* family.

Mr. QUONDAM.

The *Sprightly*, who is here is ſmaller than *Supple?*

SAGE.

He is; but *Supple* is ſo condeſcending as not to meaſure merit by inches.

Mr.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Sage! you will ſmile, if I tell you that I had not been a father an hour before I formed a wiſh reſpecting the education of my ſon.

SAGE.

It was early to form plans.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I ſhould tremble to expoſe a child to the contagion of a ſchool, where one wicked boy may root out every virtue, which a careful parent has been labouring to plant.

SAGE.

But your wiſh?

Mr. QUONDAM.

That he might be under your protection. You would watch his conduct with the zeal of affection; *you* would be like a parent.

SAGE.

If you will engage not to ſpoil your ſon at home, I will take the care of him with pleaſure.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo cruel a father as to indulge

indulge my ſon improperly: what unhappy creatures are ſpoiled children when they come to ſchool!

SAGE.

They are unhappy at home, but when they mix with other boys! — Poor *Tom Wayward*, what a diſagreeable wretch he was!

Mr. QUONDAM.

And *is*; and *will be*; — ſuch as the *boy* was, ſuch is the *man*.

SAGE.

I believe our time for dinner is near; will you dine?

Mr. QUONDAM.

I will ſtay to ſee the young people ſeated. — How pleaſing is this ſcene!

" Enjoy, poor imps, enjoy your ſportive trade;
" And chace gay flies."

[*They go out.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVII.

The RIOT.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

All the Boys are preſent.

PERT.

I Wiſh we could make a riot here.

MILDMAY.

O fie! how can you be ſo wicked?

PERT.

How can *you* be ſo *ſqueamiſh?* — wicked!

MILDMAY.

It *is wicked* to rebel againſt our maſters: the maſter is in the place of a parent, as he is appointed by our parents.

PERT.

Tol de rol lol! — who will come and hear a ſermon? — a ſermon! a ſermon! Come and hear a ſermon

a ſermon againſt the great and heinous ſin of rebellion!

FLIPPANT.

Who preaches? who preaches? — O! I might have gueſſed. — Well! where is your text? — Begin; I am all attention.

MILDMAY.

My ſermon would be loſt upon you, if I ſhould preach; yet I am not to be laughed out of my opinion.

SMITH.

What is all this?

WHITE.

Let us hear what is going forward here.

SPRIGHTLY.

Mildmay had a letter giving him an account of the riot at *Harrow*.

FLIPPANT.

We are ſo ſtupid that we never have a riot here.

PERT.

So I ſay.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

I hope we never ſhall.

SMITH.

If we had, what would you do?

SPRIGHTLY.

I dare not be confident that I ſhould act as I ought to do.

WHITE

What do you call acting as you ought to do?

SPRIGHTLY.

To perſiſt in the reſolution of obeying the maſter, in ſpite of all temptation to rebel.

DAN.

I never ſaw a riot; yet I have been at two ſchools before I came hither.

SPRIGHTLY.

I heard Mr. *Bright* give an account of one which happened at *Eton* whilſt he was there.

WHITE.

Tell us.

SMITH.

Do tell us.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

I can not tell you much; the boys declared that they would leave the ſchool. It was to my papa that Mr. *Bright* gave the account; and he ſaid, "Pray, Sir, what did you do? I "think *you* are not of a rebellious ſpirit?" — He replied modeſtly, "I was happy that it "ſtopped before I had occaſion to declare my- "ſelf; for Dr. *Firm* refuſed to quit the ſchool: "I did not therefore need ſo much reſolution, "as it would have required, to be firſt in "ſetting the example of obedience."

My papa exclaimed,

"What a mark of the worthy diſpoſition of "Dr. *Firm!* no wonder that he proves ſo ex- "cellent a man."

PERT.

Let us ſee your letter.

MILDMAY.

It would not pleaſe you; it does not accord with your notions: with *mine* it does.

PERT.

Let us hear theſe notions.

MILDMAY.

That a becoming ſpirit is ſhewn by reſiſting all perſuaſions to a breach of duty; that it is truly noble to be ſteady in our adherence to a good reſolution; and mean to be fearful of doing what is right, becauſe others do ill.

MEEK.

What you ſay is very juſt; but I doubt I ſhould have been aſhamed of being the firſt to do, what yet I wiſhed to do.

MILDMAY.

But you are aware it would be falſe ſhame, if it made you act amiſs.

MEEK.

I am.

MILDMAY.

I honour *George Steady*.—In the late riot the boys refuſed to go into the ſchool-room: — he (when the hour came at which they uſually went in) took his place at the upper end; and his little brother placed himſelf upon *his* form.

SMITH.

Well!

MILDMAY.

MILDMAY.

The riotous ſcholars aſſembled at the door; they beckoned, called, hiſſed, laughed, pointed—he ſat compoſed in his place.

WHITE.

Surpriſing!

MILDMAY.

At laſt they ſpied little *Henry Steady* in a corner, and him they determined to remove.

SMITH.

I ſuppoſe *that* was not difficult.

MILDMAY.

You ſhall hear; they tempted him by every method they could contrive; — ſoothed, intreated, threatened: — they gibed him; ſaid he was a coward; afraid of his elder brother. At laſt one great boy took him up to carry him out; this moved *Steady:* a ſcuffle enſued, which ended in victory to *Steady*, and little *Henry* was left unmoleſted. After all buſtle was over, and the boys were reduced to order, and again aſſembled in ſchool, the maſter gave thanks to *Steady* for his worthy behaviour; and congratulated him

upon the influence of his good example on his brother; think what an honor!

DAN.

How was this brought about?

MILDMAY.

The maſter always is conqueror; the boys get nothing but chaſtiſement, contempt, diſgrace; — they ſhew their evil diſpoſitions, or want of judgment; and are either flogged, or expelled, according to the degree of their guilt.

THOMPSON.

I heard that Mrs. *Truelove* reaſoned her ſon into repentance, and ſent him back to ſchool.

MILDMAY.

So my letter ſays; he went in and ſeated himſelf by *Steady*; ſo he was not puniſhed: ſome few followed his example.

PERT.

Dunghill wretches!

MILDMAY.

The very exclamation that echoed through the gang! (ſo I muſt call them.) *Steady* called aloud to *Pliant*, who ſtood wavering at the door, heſitating

tating how to act — "Never be aſhamed to "own you ſee your error; it ſhews that you "are wiſer than you were!" — This brought him in.

DAN.

Who was the ringleader?

MILDMAY.

Hotſpur. A lad of high mettle, and miſtaken notions; he gloried in his fault. Several who were on the point of leaving ſchool, ſaid, they cared not for the maſter! they little think what opinion rational people form of them. — It was near the time of holidays too; ſo that many thought if they could get home, whipping-day would be diſtant.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Boys aſſembled in the Parlour.

SMITH.

WHY are we all aſſembled here?—Our maſter is not returned; the uſher can not leave his bed; and I am certain that Mr. *Sage* will not attempt to read.

JONES.

Certainly he will not. Mr. *Lancet* inſiſted on his ſtaying from church; and has forbidden him to make any uſe of his eyes till the inflamation abates.

THOMPSON.

Probably *Senſible* is to read to us. — Here comes Mrs. *Aweful.*

[*Enter Mrs.* Aweful. *The boys riſe and bow.*]

Mrs. AWEFUL.

Young gentlemen, Mr. *Aweful* is concerned that he can not be with you this evening. His mother requeſts him to ſtay till the funeral of his father is over. Nothing leſs would detain him. — Mr. *Aweful* in the midſt of his diſtreſs thinks of his children, (ſuch he eſteems you all) and thus he writes:

"I am truly concerned that I can nót be "with my young people on *Sunday* evening. "To inſtruct them in their duty, is one of my "greateſt pleaſures, as it is my higheſt duty: "for what is all the learning which they can "acquire, without the knowledge of God? — I "am certain that Mr. *Wiſeman* will attend to "the behaviour of the boys at church: — He "will read the Catechiſm, with all due ſo- "lemnity, aloud to my children in the evening, "and will call upon ſome of them to repeat a "part. — In ſhort, he will be my deputy."

As Mr. *Wiſeman* is ill, I ſhall give myſelf the pleaſure of ſupplying his place. — I ſhall read to you the Catechiſm, and explain a part of it. —

it. — But firſt we will have a little converſation.

Young gentlemen, I am ſorry to begin with reproof; ſome of you behaved at church in a manner ſo very ill ſuited to the place and occaſion, that I fear you muſt return with a *curſe*, and not a *bleſſing*. — You would not have dared to do ſo had Mr. *Aweful* been preſent. What am I to think of you? Did you mean to affront me?

SMITH.

Madam, we did not know that you were there.

THOMPSON.

The curtains of the gallery were ſo cloſely drawn, that we believed the maſter's ſeat was empty.

JONES.

Indeed, I thought that nobody was there. — I beg your pardon.

Mrs. AWEFUL.

Conſider whom you affronted! — not *me alone*.

SMITH.

I know, Madam, that he who offends you, offends the maſter; — but we meant no offence

to

to either; we could mean none, for we believed you to be abſent.

WHITE.

Indeed, madam, we did not know that you were preſent. — I hope you will pardon us.

Mrs. AWEFUL.

As far as I am perſonally concerned, I pardon you moſt freely; — therefore what I ſhall ſay to you, ariſes from no degree of anger. — I talk with you as a mother would do to her children, for whoſe eternal welfare ſhe was moſt earneſtly ſolicitous. — My dears, when you go to church, conſider whoſe houſe it is you enter; — it is "the houſe of God." — Reflect what a high privilege it is for us who "are but duſt and "aſhes," to be allowed to proſtrate ourſelves before the Almighty, and lay our wants before him! Were you admitted to the honor of an audience from the King — were you allowed to appear before an earthly Monarch, to preſent a petition, or return thanks for a favor received, how would you behave! — would you laugh, nod, whiſper? — But why do I enumerate the inſtances

inſtances of impropriety? they ſhock me as I recollect them. — If then you would bluſh to be guilty of ſuch indignities towards an earthly Prince, how ſorry ought you to be to have offended the Majeſty of the *King* of *Kings!*

You repeat the creed; — you declare "that "you believe in God:" — If you did *indeed* believe in him, you would behave with ſerioufneſs and decorum when you went to "worſhip in "his holy temple:" you would be attentive when his word is read. — But I addreſs my reproof to a few only of you; the reſt behaved well; and I hope were really devout. You, *Sprightly*, made me rejoice; you read the leſſons, and I hope with attention.

SPRIGHTLY.

Indeed, madam, I love to pray for God's bleſſing on myſelf and my friends; and to return thanks for all the good things which he gives. — I ſtrive to be good, and I wiſh I were better.

Mrs. AWEFUL.

Good child! "If you ſincerely wiſh to ſeek "God, — he "who viſited "the child *Samuel*," "and

"and accepted the praiſe of babes, will draw "your heart to him: — that Saviour who em- "braced and bleſſed the little children, will "love you, and come unto you, and make "his abode with you. — At an age of more "experience and acquirements, you will be "equally unable *of yourſelf* to ſerve God ac- "ceptably: it is his grace alone which can "direct your heart to the love of God." *

We will now begin with the Catechiſm. †

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* This paſſage is taken from a little volume which is lately publiſhed, by the title of "*A Birth-day Preſent*; *or* "*Nine Days Converſation between a Mother and Daughter.*" It breathes the ſpirit of pure devotion; but I think it is above the *feeling*, though not above the *comprehenſion* of young perſons from ten to fourteen years of age. Childhood is not the ſeaſon of ſentiment: I wiſh every perſon *above* fourteen to read it.

† After ſo ſweet an extract I dare not add a line of my own.—Why did not the author of "*Birth Day Preſent*" write upon behaviour at church? Nothing can be more neceſſary than an admonition to boys on that ſubject. It appears ſo neceſſary to the writer of theſe little volumes, that this dialogue is added whilſt the work is in the preſs.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIX.*

The AMICABLE CONTEST.

Mr. AWEFUL's LIBRARY.

Mr. AWEFUL. — *Mr.* WISEMAN.

Mr. WISEMAN.

MY liſt of *Good* is the fulleſt I have ever had; — there, Sir, are their names.

[*Giving a paper.*

Mr. AWEFUL.

A very agreeable ſight! — [*Reads.*]

"*Freeman* — *Thomas* — *Careful.*"

He is always here.

"*Friendly* — *Goodwill* — *Mildmay.*"

Him I am uſed to find.

"*Sprightly.*" —

* Some time is ſuppoſed to have elapſed ſince *Supple*'s arrival at ſchool.

" *Sprightly.*" —— A conſtant one.

Umph! — umph! — ſurely *Gentle* is of the number; O! here he is! and " *Supple!*" I was doubtful about him.—Shall I never find *Meek?*

Mr. WISEMAN.

I wiſh to talk with you about him, at your leiſure, Sir.

Mr. AWEFUL.

Now for your *Beſt.*

Mr. WISEMAN.

I can not name *Him.*—I have three, and theſe are their claims. [*Gives a paper.*

Mr. AWEFUL. [*Reads.*]

" *Sprightly.* —

" Aſſiduous at his leſſons; amiable in his " diſpoſition; unexceptionable in his conduct. — " Uniformly good.."

" *Gentle.* —

" Manners, application, *&c.* good; with the " additional merit of having loſt nothing during " his abſence from ſchool.'—— Very well!

[*He reads on.*

" *Supple.*" —

(Who expected to find *him* among the beſt?)

[*Reads.*

"*Supple* has a claim to high honors and re-
"wards, for the progreſs he has made in his
"learning, and the reſolution he has exerted
"in breaking himſelf of many bad habits; —
"he is perfectly docile, and promiſes to prove
"an excellent boy."

Mr. AWEFUL.

This is the firſt time we have had ſo agree-able a dilemma. — Whoſe claim do you think ſuperior?

Mr. WISEMAN.

Excuſe me, Sir; *you* muſt decide.

Mr. AWEFUL.

We will ſummon the competitors.

Mr. WISEMAN.

They are waiting in the little room.

[*Opening the door, calls.*

Gentlemen!

[*Enter* Sprightly, Gentle, Supple, *bowing with reſpect.*]

Mr. AWEFUL.

My dears; I rejoice to ſee three of you upon ſuch an occaſion.

SPRIGHTLY.

I am very happy to appear before you with credit, Sir.

GENTLE.

Sprightly ſpeaks for us all, Sir.

SUPPLE. [*Bowing.*]

Sir! my heart is full.

Mr. AWEFUL.

You all have my high approbation; — you are all entitled to general applauſe; — but the *Prize!* — this is the firſt time there have been three claimants. — Speak for yourſelves.

SPRIGHTLY.

Next to the affection of my neareſt relations, Sir, I value your approbation; — but for the *Prize*; — have I your permiſſion to ſpeak my thoughts?

Mr. AWEFUL.

Go on.

SPRIGHTLY.

I ſhould eſteem a laſting mark of approbation very highly indeed! — but I beg leave to with-draw my claim.

Mr. AWEFUL.

You ſurprize me; on what account?

SPRIGHTLY.

Sir—I have enjoyed ſuch ſuperior advantages; have had ſuch incitements to goodneſs; that if I were not ſomewhat better than boys in general are, I ſhould be much more blameable.

Mr. AWEFUL.

Modeſt and candid!—*you* ſpeak, *Gentle.*

GENTLE.

I have been ſo happy as to experience an equal degree of watchful care (both at home and here) with my friend *Will Sprightly*; I have had the ſtricteſt friendſhip with him, ſeen his amiable example, and ſhall I be leſs generous? —*No*—give the *Crown*, Sir, to this boy, *(pointing to Supple)* as a reward for the ſtruggle he has undergone.

Pardon me, *Supple*; it is no ſecret that you had bad habits to conquer.

Mr. AWEFUL.

Noble boys!—

Supple, what do you ſay?

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

Sir, I can hardly ſpeak; allow me a moment.

Mr. AWEFUL. [*Aſide to Mr.* Wiſeman.]

Theſe are glorious boys!

SUPPLE.

I never felt ſatisfaction equal to what I experienced when Mr. *Wiſeman* announced to me that my name was on the liſt to be ſhewn, *For Good.*

I allow that I ſtrive daily, hourly, every inſtant, to deſerve ſome degree of *praiſe.*—I ſtrive hard; and I am now rewarded beyond my deſert.

Mr. AWEFUL.

You accept the *Prize,* as your due reward.

SUPPLE.

Bleſs me, Sir!—no!—I receive the prize!—your approving ſmile is an encouragement to me to continue my endeavours; and upon ſome future occaſion, if I could hope to gain the *Prize*;—but I ſhould bluſh at my own meanneſs, could I deprive theſe ſuperior boys of their reward.

To *you, Sprightly,* I am greatly indebted that

I am even *thought of* as a candidate; — your advice, your example, your introduction to our worthy friend, *Gentle*, contributed ſo much to my reformation. [*Embraces him.*]

[*During this ſpeech Mr.* Aweful *and Mr.* Wiſeman *converſe in a low voice.*]

Mr. WISEMAN.

Come with me, young gentlemen, and mark the book which you make choice of; each mark in the liſt *which* he would chooſe for the *Prize*

DIALOGUE XXX.

The AGREEABLE SURPRISE; Or, MERIT REWARDED.

A LARGE ROOM.

Galleries above, in which the School-boys ſit.

Below, Mr. Aweful, *Mr.* Wiſeman, *the Candidates, their Protectors,* &c. *Much Company.*

CHIEF SPEAKERS.

Mr. AWEFUL, *Mr.* WISEMAN, SUPPLE, SPRIGHTLY, GENTLE, SENSIBLE, SAGE, WORTHY, *Maſter* GUEST, *(a Viſitor) Two other Viſitors, a* LADY, *and another Stranger, a* HERALD.

Maſter GUEST.

WHO are thoſe in the middle gallery? — they are diſtinguiſhed from the reſt.

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

They are thoſe who have gained prizes.

Maſter GUEST.

What is the prize?

SUPPLE.

A book; upon it is ſtamped a memorial and date in letters of gold.

Maſter GUEST.

I am told there is great ceremony in conferring the prize.

SUPPLE.

There are ceremonies in placing the *crown* upon the head of the conqueror.

Maſter GUEST.

Who is to have the crown?

SUPPLE.

That is not yet known.

Maſter GUEST.

But the crown, what is it?

SUPPLE.

A wreath of artificial laurel; — there you may ſee ſeveral.

Maſter

Maſter GUEST.

Where?

SUPPLE.

Hanging by thoſe youths who ſit in the middle gallery.

Maſter GUEST.

Their former acquiſitions?

SUPPLE.

Yes.

Maſter GUEST.

Who is likely to have the reward?

SUPPLE.

Perhaps *Sprightly*;—there he ſtands in a green coat.

Maſter GUEST.

The competitors then mix with the company?—Who elſe?

SUPPLE.

Gentle is one.—I do not ſee him.

Maſter GUEST.

Any other?

SUPPLE.

There is another named; but he has no expectation.

Maſter GUEST.

Where is he?

SUPPLE.

Somewhere below.

Maſter GUEST.

When you ſee him tell me; I love to obſerve countenances.—What is his name?

SUPPLE.

You will ſoon diſtinguiſh him.

Maſter GUEST.

Where are they crowned?

SUPPLE.

Within thoſe rails.

Maſter GUEST.

What ails you?

SUPPLE.

Nothing.

Maſter GUEST.

Something does; I am ſure you are ill.

SUPPLE.

O! no; I feel for the competitors;—both gainer and loſers, that is all.

Maſter

Maſter GUEST.

There muſt be great anxiety for ſucceſs.

SUPPLE.

And great compaſſion towards the two who miſs the reward.

Maſter GUEST.

It is an honour to have been a candidate, ſince merit only gives a claim.

[*Enter a perſon dreſt as a Herald.*]

HERALD.

The company are requeſted to arrange themſelves on the outſide of thoſe rails.

HERALD. [*Proclaims.*]

Competitors!

Enter within the liſts!

[Sprightly *advances into the midſt with tolerable firmneſs and alacrity.*]

[Gentle *follows with much timidity.*]

[Supple *heſitates, till Mr.* Sage *gently puſhes him.*]

HERALD. [*Proclaims.*]

Youths! obſerve!

See merit rewarded, with a wreath of unfading Laurel.

Obſerve!

Obſerve!

And emulate!

Sprightly *ſtands pretty erect, his countenance rather approaching to a ſmile.*

Gentle *looks alternately with reverence at Mr.* Aweful; *with affection at* Sprightly; *with complacence upon* Supple.

Supple *looks down upon the ground with exceeding humility.*

Mr. Aweful makes a ſign — and at the ſame inſtant

Senſible *crowns* Sprightly.

Worthy *crowns* Gentle.

Sage *crowns* Supple.

From the gallery a general ſhout is heard, and clapping of hands.

Mr. AWEFUL.

Where *all* are worthy, *all* ſhall be rewarded.

Perſevere in goodneſs, and be happy.

[*The three embrace, and exclaim.*]

"Happy!"

"Thanks!"

"O! thanks!"

Here

[*Then a perſon brings three books, and gives them to Mr.* Aweful, *who addreſſes the three boys.*]

Mr. AWEFUL.

There is for each the book which each made choice of. —

Amiable children! — thus ever emulate each other amicably.

[*The company mix, and converſe in parties.*]

FIRST VISITOR.

What inſcription is upon them?

SECOND VISITOR.

"*The Reward of Merit!*" with the name and date.

FIRST VISITOR.

They are all ſweet boys.

SAGE.

Each rejoices in the ſucceſs of the reſt.

SENSIBLE.

Each would have felt greatly diſappointed for the other two, had he alone met with ſucceſs.

WORTHY.

Not one could have enjoyed ſucceſs; he would

ſo warmly have ſhared the mortification of the others.

FIRST VISITOR.

What conſtitutes you one of the perſons to confer the crown?

SENSIBLE.

Having had the honor to obtain one.

SECOND VISITOR.

Is there any thing more to be ſeen?

SENSIBLE.

Nothing; unleſs you would be entertained with the ſports of the boys.

FIRST VISITOR.

Is there any thing particular?

SENSIBLE.

It is a day of liberty; each does what he likes; and there is no puniſhment, except for a vicious action.

SECOND VISITOR.

Are there not ſtrange riots?

SENSIBLE.

There are variety of tricks.

FIRST VISITOR.

It is an odd cuſtom.

SENSIBLE.

It has its uſe.

SECOND VISITOR.

You mean in diſcovering the diſpoſitions of the boys?

SENSIBLE.

Certainly.

FIRST VISITOR.

Have you any exemplary public puniſhments?

SENSIBLE.

Not as public as theſe rewards; Mr. *Aweful* is fearful they might harden the offenders.

SECOND VISITOR.

What are your chief puniſhments?

LADY.

Alas! for thoſe who need puniſhment!

SAGE.

A ſchool, madam, is a little world; the members of the community are not what we *wiſh*; we muſt make the beſt that we *can* of them.

LADY.

Puniſhment rarely reclaims an offender.

SAGE.

If it *never* did, yet it would have *this* uſe; — it might deter others from following a bad example.

VISITOR.

What puniſhments have you?

SAGE.

Taſks, exerciſes.

LADY.

They are good.

SAGE.

For the heinous offence of telling a falſhood, a tongue cut in red cloth is worn; — for the ſtill more atrocious crime, a malicious lie, a black tongue.

LADY.

Proper, doubtleſs; but it would break the heart of a mother, for her ſon to deſerve them.

VISITOR.

Does Mr. *Aweful* keep much in the ſchool?

SAGE.

SAGE.

His breakfaſt-room (and through that the whole ſuite of apartments) communicates with the ſchool; when he enters, and ſeats himſelf behind a ſcreen, no one knows of his entrance; ſo that he ſhould never be ſuppoſed to be abſent. Yet he is not known to be preſent, but when he pleaſes.

LADY.

A proper reſtraint.

SAGE.

To the *good*; — but the greater part never think of him, any more than we do of a ſuperior witneſs.

LADY.

The uſher is, I ſuppoſe, always preſent?

SAGE.

Not ſo; I frequently ſupply his place; yeſterday I did ſo; and I heard one boy ſay, "Mr. *Sage* is uſher this morning; I will do "nothing, for he never whips."

LADY.

Odious boy! what pain thoſe things muſt give!—I would not keep a ſchool.

SAGE.

But I had the pleaſure to hear another exclaim — "Ungenerous! mean! — I will exert "double diligence."

LADY.

This was ſome compenſation.

SAGE.

I have enjoyed infinite ſatisfaction this morning; — two of thoſe boys who received the crown, were my particular pupils; and the third the pupil of my friend, *Senſible*. —Theſe are joys!

LADY.

What do you ſuppoſe the *mothers* of ſuch boys muſt feel?

SAGE.

More than they can expreſs, or I conceive.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

Dialogue.	Scene.	Chief Speakers.	Principal Subjects.
I.			
The Coming to School.	Play Ground.	*Senſible* and *Sprightly*.	Comfort to a new Scholar. Page 31.
II.			
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